

anything to correspond to the six long strips, called
rapes, which go through the width of the county from
north to south, each with its own strip of seaboard:
in East-Sussex there are the rapes of Hastings,
Pevensey, & Lewes; in West-Sussex, those of Bramber,
Arundel & Chichester. Now then we see the object
of port & castle occurring at such regular intervals
along the coast: each rape was "a highway to
France", & therefore each had its open port
defended by a castle, erected usually by the
Lord of the Honour whose business it was to
keep the "highway" open for the coming & going
of the Normans: for these rapes are Norman divisions
presumably, as they first find place in Domesday.

to live in, & can agreeable watering place. I saw
for the stretch of the sea-wind at low water, while
behind Worthing, amongst the Downs, is glorious
country, full of interest to the archaeologist.
A mile inland, nestled amidst fine old trees,
is the village of Broadwater, with its exceedingly
rich Transition Church, which like that of Rye,
has tombs of the de la Warre family, & at least one
fine brass. A slender spire, a rather unusual
light in Sussex, leads you through flat corn-
fields to the ancient village of Larring, or "Larring"
was a city when Worthing was none," says a local
tradition. The church is interesting. Early English
in great part, & opposite to it, across the
tree-shaded pond in the center of the village, is
the school-house; where the archaeologist may
^{expect} look for great 'finds'; for this was anciently
an archiepiscopal palace, Larring being one
of the numerous 'peculiar' of the Archbishops
of Canterbury which are scattered through Kent
& Sussex. ^{this is reported} ~~Larring is supposed~~ to have been a favorite
dwelling-place of Saint Thomas of Canterbury. His
credit of planting the yew-trees over the way is
divided between him & Saint Richard of Chichester;
at any rate, there the yew-trees flourish still, about
100 of them, scions of ancient stocks, & whose
will on your greenness there in the season, for
the place is a 'tea-garden'.
Turning eastward again, & taking higher ground,
up amongst the Downs, you come to Sompting,
about whose most picturesquely placed & well-kept
little church a wordy war has long raged. Is it a
no Saxon is the question; & probably ^{few} churches
in England have better right to claim a Saxon
origin than this with fellows of Bosham. The
curious lozenge-shaped segments of the low spire
& the strong courses, upright & horizontal, in the walls,
are its peculiar features. Like many of the
churches.

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Churches, & indeed entire villages of this lovely
Sea-board, it is built of flint - of the round pebble-
boulders which form the shingle of the beach. You
are already deep amongst the Downs, but even your
way a little higher you get a view ^{on a bright July day} hardly to be
matched in British ground: before you is an inlet,
& little bay, walled in by green cliffs. The sea
^{of Capri. Capri itself is}
~~is amazingly~~ blue, dotted with white sails like
skimming-wings of sea-birds; overhead is the an-
bluest sky, & in the fore-ground, a burst of
red poppies blots out whole fields of corn; while
beyond, the yellow fields stretch away down
to the blue sea. 'Like the Bay of Naples' people say,
certainly a landscape of red, gold, & the purest-
blues - the greens are quite subordinate - has
a curiously foreign look.

Dupes still amongst the Downs, we come to the Pass of Gindors; & the village is one of the highest & loveliest in this hill-country. Above it is Cissbury, named like Chichester, from Cissa. the son of Allas; there is no more remarkable camp on the Downs than that which occupies a space of fifty acres on the summit of this hill, marked by a deep fosse & a wide earthen rampart; & though it bears a Saxon name, the remains found ~~both~~ in the rampart, ~~and~~ a garden at the foot of the hill, make it pretty evident that this ^{is} ~~is~~ one of the chain of lofty earth-works occupied ^{not originally formed} ~~established~~ by the strong old Romans along these southern heights. So too, ^{the camp of} ~~is~~ Chanetonbury about five miles further; Chanetonbury ring this hill is called on account of the round patch of black freest wherewith it is hatted, whereby the hill is known over half the Country side; for only one or two of the Towers are higher than Chanetonbury, & from it nearly all Sussex is to be seen, ~~great & fine views~~

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On your way, you pass Weston - a wide park with magnificent oaks, & a mellowed Elizabethan house - like so many at the back of the Downs - rather famous as the home of the three Shirley Brothers whose astonishing adventures & love of travel made them conspicuous even in an age when Newton's plumed the sea & Raleigh planted Virginia.

A further stage brings us to Steyning, from which we work our way down the Adur valley to the Shoreham, Old & New. High & dry as it is now stranded, Steyning was itself, anciently the port of the Adur: Rostus Cuthmanni, it was called, in honour of Cuthman, its patron saint, another pious Alceus who arrived hither from the western countries bearing his mother in a sort of glass which he ~~carried~~ ^(carried) by means of fluted elder twigs; whereas at this point of his journey the twigs gave way. Cuthman perceived that here he should fix his abode; so he made a wicker hut for himself & his mother, then set himself to build a timbered church, in which, ^{when the town came} he was buried: ~~and~~ upon the site of Cuthman's, ^{which grew up round the little church} stands the present very interesting church of Steyning, much of which is early Norman. The near neighbourhood of the Saxon Palace of Bramber ^{the} doubt favoured the growth of Cuthman's settlement. ^{which grew up round the little church} So important was the position of Bramber, commanding the Shoreham Gap, - through which the Adur finds a passage - that the Saxon palace was succeeded by a Norman keep, held by the great family of Braose, strong one of the chief defences of the South coast. But now, the ancient moat is filled with trees, Shoreham makes holiday to fatter pilgrims on the banks, & but one late fragment of a barbarian tower remains to look out over the meadows & marshes of the Adur the sweeping lines of the downs, some marks & signs of the past before.

As the ancient harbour of Steyning became silted up, Old Shoreham arose on the borders of the retreating sea, & grew into a place of traffic & historic note; here John landed, when he returned to England as king after the death of his much-enduring brother, & from here Charles II. fled to France after Worcester, fight & the hazards of Bosworth. But alas for the chances of time & tide, Old Shoreham was supplanted in its turn by New Shoreham to whose port the pickled sea had fled; & New Shoreham is still a busy port with a trade with France, ship-building, fishing, oyster rearing, & a suspension bridge over the Adur. In the traveller, however, the objects of interest in both Shorehams are their very fine old churches. That of New Shoreham is Early English; nearly the whole of the original ~~is lost~~ ^{is lost} ~~now~~ ^{is lost} ~~though~~ ^{is lost} ~~the~~ ^{is lost} ~~limb of the cross~~ ^{is lost} ~~now serve~~ ^{is lost} ~~that purpose~~ ^{is lost} ~~in the~~ ^{is lost} ~~leap of some of the capitals~~ ^{is lost} ~~palms branches~~ ^{is lost} ~~may be discerned~~ ^{is lost} ~~probably~~ ^{is lost} ~~an indication that the church was a building~~ ^{is lost} ~~during the early crusades.~~ ^{is lost} ~~The Church of Old~~ ^{is lost} ~~Shoreham is still earlier~~ ^{is lost} ~~almost entirely Norman: it is~~ ^{is lost} ~~cruciform, the four limbs of the cross being~~ ^{is lost} ~~equal.~~ ^{is lost} ~~The striking thing about the interior is~~ ^{is lost} ~~the very dim religious light which prevails, owing~~ ^{is lost} ~~to the paucity & narrowness of the windows.~~ ^{is lost}

By the low coast road now - part of which is Roman - to Brighton, about which, happily, we need say nothing, for who does not know the great white town with its glaring pavements & hardly a patch of green anywhere to rest one's eyes upon, the grand terraces & steps, the carriages, & equestrians, & promenaders in wonderful attire, the Regent's Chinese lay - the hidden pavilion, the pier, whose sole purpose is to afford sea-walks, the Monday crowd, the Negro hunchbacks, the uncomfortable beach, and - the glorious, turbulent pier.

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See & hear delightful air, the like of which are
not to be had elsewhere ^{or indeed where else?} in Sussex. The worst of
Brighton is that you cannot get out of it; the
town is so big that only by making up your
mind to 'excursions' can you escape its
endless streets & terraces climbing the cliffs
& spreading up the skirts of the Downs which
here draw up to the sea. Within a walk, though,
is the Devil's Dyke, which is, as the name
suggests, an enormous steep trench cut
out of the heart of one of the loftiest downs which
is capped, as usual, by a camp - probably British,
though coins & other remains witness to the
Roman occupation. How came this vast
pit in the hill side? The world was over-much
given to church building & pious exercises, even
Devil, the "poor man" of Sussex, concocted a
crafty scheme which should put an end to
these godly doings. So he & his mail, he would bear
down the hills, & the sea should come in & drown
the churches & church-greens of the weald. He
began with "a will" as you may see; but an
old woman, disturbed by the noise, looked
out with a candle which she held in a sieve:
the poor man lost the light for the rising sun
shed to his sleep in terror; & his hasty footsteps
are still to be seen burnt into the turf.

Better still, you may make for Idealing Beacon
fully 850 feet high, the Snowdon of the Downs. On
the top is a square Roman encampment. & what
a view is to be had here on a clear day! That by
the way, is one of the delights of the Sussex hills; the
days are usually clear - the days of summer bright
& glowing under a soft blue sky peculiar to Sussex -

1 When you have biled halpa day, In the lake of a
^{had almost through while sea-rose, "nace" here, suddenly and decide as the single day, day}
^{even the plain as fill the valleys of crop, up to you very one, leaving you (single day) day}
 view, you usually get it: But to return to
 the hills. without
 Cambridge
 May 20th '6
 1864

Ditchling Beacon, the lovely wooded mound
 lies at your feet, backed by the Surrey Hills,
 stretching into Kent on the one side & Hampshire
 on the other: turn round, you have the sea, stretching
 away to the far offing; your coast view is
 limited byelsey & Beachey, but the great chalk
 headland stands out grandly even at this distance,
 and, better than any remote prospect, about
 you are the free rolling Downs.

From Ditchling Beacon you may take one of the
 most glorious walks to be had in the three kingdoms,
 over the Downs to Lewes, some six miles off. You
 notice a difference between these & the more western
 Downs: the hills are steeper, more sudden, the
 northern escarpments present sharp declivities;
 woody holl & haw are less frequent, but still
 the villages nestle amongst beech & chestnut
 trees, the Downs are dotted with clark forest clumps,
 huge old gnarled hawthorns, great trees for
 size, are scattered freely on the slopes: box
 & stunted juniper bushes take their place on the
 high ridges; everywhere is the delicious turf;
 everywhere too, - tell it in a whisper - are great fairy
 rings, as if the downs were raised for nothing else,
 but the festive meeting of the small people - the
 "pharisees" as the Sussex peasant drolly calls
 them. Of course we know all about the fungus
 growth by which these circles of dark green herbage
 are accounted for; but the Downs make us young
 & we are ready, indeed rather eager, to pin our
 faith to the "pharisees": If you are lucky, you
 will find the little purple autumn gentian, &
 the rare Bee orchis & the ^{large} ^{white} ^{flowers} ^{thirty} other children
 of the protean, flower-bearing chalks.

Halfway to Lenses, you come to ^{215 p 18 June 34} Mount Harry,
the scene of the famous battle of Lenses, but
for the present we go on to the most picturesque
placed town out of Devonshire - Lenses, which
climbs the slope of a hill & is completely
surrounded by very high hills. Yet stands
on the banks of the Lagg. Once when it may
almost catch sight of the sea at Newhaven. It is
an old-fashioned red-brick town with seaman's
fear hanging out from its little shops; for once, a
broad estuary came up to Lenses, & it has not
quite lost the ways of a seaport town. The Normans
of Lenses was given by the Conqueror to Earl
William de Warrenne, the husband of his daughter
Guntrada, who built a castle here, & there is still
a Norman gateway with a ^{curcular} ~~round~~ arch which is
probably the work of this first Earl William. For
the rest, the remains are considerable, the fine
old ivy-draped keep with its two remaining towers,
being Norman, & most likely the work of later
de Warrenne. Guntrada & Earl William were
devout as became them, & ~~here~~ ^{there} at the foot
of the Castle they founded a ~~castle~~ Priory dedicated
to St. Pancras, wherein they established Cluniac
monks. Here, for the first time, brought into England
& they built a great church, to be served by the
monks, ~~where~~ ⁱⁿ their bones were laid. But at
the Dissolution Church & Priory were demolished -
torn down, so that only fragments of masonry
remain; & so late as 1845, in the course of excavating
for a railway line, but small coffins were found
bearing the names of William & Guntrada.
Whereupon Lenses showed itself mindful of its
ancient dignities; funds were raised, & a little
Chapel was added to the old church of St. Andrew where
the remains were ~~rest~~ reverently lodged. While

While the de Warrennes still held the lordship of
Sewes, on the 11th of May, 1264, hither came the
king, Henry III., & his son prince Edward, with
the royal forces mustered against Simon de
Montfort & the ill-contented barons. Prince Edward
took up his quarters at the castle of his brother-in-
law, de Warrennes, while the king & his suite lodged
with the Abbot, & the worshipful revel of that night
was carried into the gay church, & was the cause
men said of the shameful defeat that followed. Many
while Montfort, learning of the king's whereabouts, led
his forces across the ridge of the Downs to a height
within three miles of Sewes from which the lowering
the Priory ~~might~~ ^{could} be seen: where Montfort drew up
his men, & stirred them with valiant words.
& then every man cast himself down on
the turf spreading forth his arms in the
form of a cross, to pray God for victory on the morrow.
The height on which they were encamped, still
called Mount Harry after the defeated king,
sends off three long spurs between which are
deep valleys. So Montfort divided his army
into right, left, & centre, each wing occupying
a spur. On the morning of the 13th the king's
forces, also divided into three bodies, advanced.
& the left underprince Edward attacked the left
~~under~~ the barons' army, & put them to the rout.
& chased them for miles over the Downs: for the
rest, the battle went against the king who after
having two horses killed under him, took
refuge in the Priory: the barons carried off the
king as a hostage & the Prince of Wales, as taken
up, & ended ~~the~~ ^{one} final act of a drama which
played out peacefully at Rochester.

~~the~~ ^{last} the Priory, have vanished but here is still the
lowering Mount with the three spurs which suggested it.

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the strategy of the battle: nearer to, & fronting the town is the great mass of Cliffe Hill, which tempts you to its summit, & as you ascend you find yourself on shoulder after shoulder ^{each of} which seemed the highest point from below: but peruse, the glorious view of hill-country, see, changing as you go, the view had from the top is as wonderful. In your labours, you may descend by the Coombs, one of the curious cavernous hollows so frequent in the Dorset, on the north side, especially - so wide below & so narrow above that not even a midsummer sun lights up its dark recesses: a lawn-like glade at the bottom tempts you to descend, but it is not easy to scramble down the steep sides overgrown with bracken & bramble. Sir Charles Lyell considers that these interesting coombs may have been connected with shifts & dislocations in the strata, & that this Coomb is an example of an exact coincidence with a line of fault, "on one side of which the chalk with flints appears at the summit of a hill, while it is thrown down to the bottom on the other."

A little further from the town is Mount Caburn, an isolated mass of downs which you may walk round, overhanging lovely villages & completely nestled in the hollows that you do not see them till you come upon them: of these, Glynde deserves special mention as having been the residence of the Rev. Ellenor who, may we say, invented? South Down millers: at any rate, on Mount Caburn & the surrounding hills he fed his flocks, & grew rich by selling his rams at high rates, & so spreading the famous breed of sheep he did so much to improve.

~~He was the miller at the packet station for Dymchurch & a little waterway place among the~~